

SEP 1965  
No. 1

# HELP!

FOR TIRED WINGS

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JERRY LEWIS, VICTIM OF THE FALL-OUT FROM US.

Are you the  
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for  
thrills?  
—  
you need  
HELP!





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# HELP!

VOL. 1, NO. 2 OCTOBER 1960

editor  
HARRY KATZMAN  
publisher  
JAMES HARRIS  
secretary editor  
OLIVER GORDON  
production  
RUBY GORDON



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of MILES STANDISH

by  
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# LETTERS

KISS ME

Dear Editor:

I tried kissing the chick on the inside cover and it didn't do anything to me. Could it be she's using the wrong brand of lipstick? Or maybe she's just not my type. If you stay in business long enough, your sheet will be tape in its field.  
Ed Fish

East Meadow, New York

Did you powder properly? Try again — the back cover of this issue.  
—ed.

LOLITA

I didn't think the picture on page 98 of your August issue was in the least bit funny. Harbort Hyndrich Rasmussen, Mass.



page 38

## SPLIT INITIATIVES

So how come the first sentence in the editor's introduction to the first issue of an "intellectual" humor magazine remains so horrendously unimpeachable initiation: "To its readership?"

After I wrote pointed from the initial shock, however, I was able to greatly enjoy the rest of the mag, particularly looking's *The Fiver* although I felt there was a bit of a congruity with the general tone of a "humor" publication.

C.B.  
Philadelphia

So how come an intellectual like you didn't notice that my postcard "I'll see you in 'intelle-lect'" (or that you yourself) (talk talk) misquoted "intelligent" and split an initiation with "to greatly enjoy?"  
Editor to read postcard for me!  
We need such others! —ed.

WELL, WISEBROS

I thought that poor magazine was a waste!  
Mik Korman, Jr.  
Torrington, Wyoming

I'm an enthusiastic and pleased with this mag. that I find myself unable to put into

words how welcome it is compared to the scandal state that other mag you so mysteriously departed from, is in today. If I may get personal in closing, I'd just like to say welcome back, Harv. You're got a generous way putting audience behind you.

Billy J. Pate,  
Opelika, Alabama

also, good. —ed.

Keep looking on the Karmann banner, the power man of America need it.  
John Verapoorin  
New York, N.Y.

Fortunate reader of too. —ed.

Incidentally, I bought a copy of *HELP*, a credit to doubt in the cover-designs... actually I saw the cover and then noticed the credits and then bought it and THEN discovered it was your new

project. Congratulations... it seems certainly different and is very entertaining... I like everything in it. Especially the use of the two stories. In fact, this looks like the first humor magazine that makes my taste as a real magazine... not a sport like *MAD* or *EALE*...  
Roger Price  
New York

Congratulations right back to friend Roger on the publication of his debut book, *WHAT NOT TO NAME THE BAST*. —ed.

I've just finished reading the first issue of *HELP*. Keep it up, keep it up, they couldn't keep you down for very long. I've followed your career ever since I have been old enough to appreciate satire. *TRUMP* was, in my estimation, your high spot. *HUMBONG* was very good.

I'm looking forward to equally good future issues of *HELP*.

Frank M. Spear  
Dayton, Ohio

I grew up with the program of Mr. Karmann's forlorn imagination. I have followed his fortunes through comic books, slick, and pulp, but this is the first opportunity I have had to express my appreciation. Enclosed is a check for a one-year subscription to *HELP*, commencing with issue number two.

Donald Caldwell  
Houston, Texas

We definitely favor letters of this type. However, thank you. Thank you all for your nice letters. —ed.

Please address mail to *HELP*, letters Dept. 3, 645 5th Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

## COVER STORY

With our current cover, *HELP* launched its first Sputnik, and according to our publisher, we spent more on ours than the Soviets on theirs. Our biggest problem was finding a metal sphere with a high mirror-like polish. After searching fruitlessly for a silver beach ball, we had a sphere made to order and had it painstakingly

polished and sent it off to Jerry Lewis in Hollywood who obligingly posed while the *Help* Sputnik was bounced off his head several times. But first the photographer sprayed away the annoying polish.

Jerry Lewis — director, producer and star of *The Bellboy* — also does our photo captions. Below is his contribution to *HELP*.

### Jerry Lewis contribution



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# THEY'RE OUT THERE by H. Kautzman

It's possible — Look smart — Be up to date with Fags



I'm sure you're your own for me



Watch your feet, and when that mouth is open, you're in



For the first time in your life, feel really alone



Watch how they're looking at you



Don't let them rub up on you, or stroke you at all





# ON THE CONEY

*a daring screenplay by Ed Fisher*

DIRECTED BY

*Alfred Hitchcock*



ALFRED HITCHCOCK

The subject matter of this new screenplay is so terrifying — and so daring — that no one will be allowed to look at the final page until he has faithfully read through the first six pages. (Just to make sure, we've left it out of the magazine. It will be mailed to you on receipt of a written synopsis proving to us that you've read and understood everything leading up to it!)

Our tale begins simply and innocently enough . . . on a sleepy summer afternoon, along a quiet strip of beach, not far from New York City . . .

*Continued*





Gee,  
who?

Hi, honey.  
Back from  
town so  
soon?



Got a  
surprise to  
show you.

Mini!  
I won't  
look  
till you  
tell me.



Okay,  
look now.  
How do  
you like  
it?

Wow!  
Sophia,  
you're a  
—knack-  
out!



I never  
saw you like  
this before.  
Sophia: You're  
amazing!

I've  
always  
wanted to  
wear a bikini.  
But I never  
had the  
nerve —



Everything's  
so heavenly, now,  
with the whole  
beach to ourselves.  
Simply heavenly.

Well, yes.  
Coney Island  
used to be so  
damn crowded.



I got  
a little  
surprise for  
you. See,  
it's down  
today.

The  
beach's all  
yours,  
you're so  
sweet.



Well, we  
can afford the  
best now.  
I guess,  
won't we?

When?  
We certainly  
can. Let's go to  
La Poudre  
Right  
Now.



Normally, tonight  
We stay here, all  
around. Remember?

Oh,  
pooh!  
You and  
your  
silly  
radio  
fun!



Now, now, monkey. We may have it thought  
you liked being here with me, listening to the radio

Not day  
after day!  
When are  
you going to  
give it up,  
Arthur?



I got a new  
net today. Picked  
it up at Abernethy's  
& Poth. Super short-  
wave. Even better  
than my old Tele-  
phones 44-double-0,  
and the Strom-  
berg 37

I think  
it's silly.  
You never get  
anything out  
of any of  
them.



Anyway, I don't like the Poudre  
any more. It's as big and empty, these  
days. Druggo, best of

Well,  
get out  
a hot dog,  
then



Where? Nathan's is closed, remember? The Gusty is closed.  
Surf Avenue is closed. Closed, closed, closed! Remember?

To ring,  
dear me, please  
don't get upset.

Those Square, empty  
Mae's, dear! ... **WILL**  
mini

You  
can't stand  
about it,  
Arthur!

I like  
it the  
way  
I never  
had nerve  
to wear  
a bikini  
on the  
beach  
before

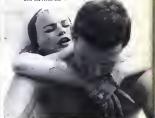
"You - you  
don't find Jimmy  
here?" On a  
hot Sunday - in  
Coney Island -  
alone?



No  
I like it.  
I like  
us being the  
only two  
left ...

Don't say it, Sophie!  
Don't! It can't be true  
We can't be the only  
ones left.

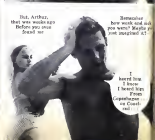
But we are, dear!  
The only two human beings  
who survived the ...



No! Commander  
Gregory! Just in case!  
I know it. It's got  
to be. I got his radio  
trans! From Copenhagen,  
don't it? Don't it?

But, Arthur,  
that was weeks ago  
Before you even  
found us

Sometimes  
how much and how  
you want? Maybe you  
just imagined it?



I  
heard him  
I know  
I heard him  
From  
Copenhagen  
on Coast  
radio ...



The new  
race of  
mankind?  
You and  
me,  
Sophie—



Arthur,  
you're  
looking  
at—

Please, Sophie. Don't be afraid. You and I—we survived  
the bomb. It must have been for a reason...

No, Arthur.  
No...



It must have been because we  
were put here to do something...



But  
not this,  
Arthur, no.  
Believe  
me—

Then why  
did you save  
the baby?  
Today... You  
must have known  
what we had to do.  
Sophie, don't fight it.  
They want your  
seed for—  
doctors...  
believe...



Wait,  
Arthur. I  
heard some-  
thing...



A  
new  
girl—

No, look.  
Something's coming out  
of the water...

Where?





OUTLINE ACTION

## HANDS OFF

BY ROBERT SHECRAFT

Proving  
that it  
Hobbes's  
meat is an  
Earthman's  
paleont.

The ship's main  
deflector flared pink,  
then red. Agas had been doc-  
ing at the controls, waiting for Ray-  
tor to finish making dinner. Now  
he looked up quickly. "Planet  
coming," he called, over the  
his of escaping air  
ventilator.

Captain Barnett nodded. He dashed shagging a hot patch, and slipped it on Endeavor's worn hull. The whistle of escaping air dropped to a low moan, but was not entirely stopped. It never was.

When Barnett came over, the planet was just visible beyond the rim of a little red sun. It glowed green against the black night of space and gave both men an identical thought.

Barnett put the thought into words. "Wonder if there's anything on it worth taking," he said, frowning.

Agge lifted a white eyebrow hopefully. They watched as the dials began to register.

They would never have spotted the planet if they had taken the Endeavor along the South Galactic Trade. But the Confederacy police were becoming increasingly numerous along that route and Barnett preferred to give them a wide berth.

The Endeavor was hated as a trader—but the only cargo she carried consisted of several bottles of an extremely powerful acid used in opening safes, and three medium-sized atomic bombs. The authorities looked with disfavor upon such goods and they were always trying to haul the crew in on some old charge—a murder (in Luna, leaving on Omega, breaking and entering on Sigma II. Old, almost forgotten crimes that the police dreamily indulged in making up.

To make matters worse, Endeavor was outgunned by the newer police cruisers. So they had taken an outside route to New Athens, where a big uranium strike had opened.



"Don't look like much," Agge commented, stepping the dial critically.

"Might as well pass it by," Barnett said.

The readings were uninteresting. They showed a planet smaller than Earth, uncharted, and with no commercial value other than oxygen atmosphere.

As they swung past, their heavy-metal detector came to life.

"There's stuff down there!" Agge said, quickly interpreting the multiple readings. "Pure. Very pure—and on the surface!"

He looked at Barnett, who nodded. The ship swung toward the planet.

Victor came from the rear, wearing a nap wool cap crumpled on his big shaven head. He moved over Barnett's shoulder as Agge brought the ship down in a tight spiral. Within a half mile of the surface, they saw their deposit of heavy metal.

It was a spaceship, resting on its tail in a natural clearing.

"Now this is interesting," Barnett said. He postponed Agge to make a closer approach.

Agge brought the ship down with deft skill. He was well past the compulsory retirement limit for master pilots, but it didn't affect his coordination. Barnett, who forced him stranded and penniless, had signed him on. The captain was always glad to help another human, if it was convenient and likely to be profitable. The two men shared

the same attitude toward private property, but sometimes disagreed on ways of acquiring it. Agge preferred a sure thing. Barnett, on the other hand, had more courage than was good for a member of a relatively frail species like Homo sapiens.

Near the surface of the planet, they saw that the strange ship was larger than Endeavor and bright, shining new. The hull shape was unfamiliar, as were the markings.

"Ever see anything like it?" Barnett asked.

Agge searched his capacious memory. "Look a bit like a Caphuran job, only they don't build 'em so squat. We're pretty far out, you know. That ship might not even be from the Confederacy."

Victor stared at the ship, his big lips parted in wonder. He sighed noisily. "We could sure use a ship like that, huh, Captain?"

Barnett's sudden smile was like a crack appearing in granite. "Victor," he said, "in your simplicity, you have gone to the heart of the matter. We could use a ship like that. Let's go down and talk with its skipper."

Before stepping in, Victor made sure the freeze-blasters were on full charge.

On the ground, they sent up an orange and green party flare, but there was no answer from the alien ship. The planet's atmosphere tasted breathable, with a temperature of 72 degrees Fahrenheit. After waiting a few minutes, they marched out, freeze-blasters ready under their jumpers.

All three men wore unobtrusive pleasant smiles as they walked the fifty yards between ships.

Up close, the ship was magnificent. Its gleaming silver-gray hull had hardly been touched by meteor strikes. The airlock was open and a low hum told them that the generators were recharging.

"Anyone home?" Victor shouted into the airlock. His voice echoed hollowly through the ship. There was no answer—only the soft hum of the generators and the rustle of grass on the plain.

"Where do you suppose they went?" Agge asked.

"For a breath of air, probably," Barnett said. "I don't suppose they'd expect any visitors."

Victor plodded out down on the ground, Barnett and Agge provided around the base of the ship, admiring its great drive ports.

"Think you can handle it?" Barnett asked.

"I don't see why not," Agge said. "For one thing, it's conventional drive. The screws don't master—oxygen burners use similar drive-control systems. It's just a matter of time until I figure it out."

"Someone coming," Victor called.

They hurried back to the airlock. Three hundred yards from the ship was a ragged forest. A figure had just emerged from among the trees, and was walking toward them.

Agge and Victor drew their blasters simultaneously.

Barnett's binoculars resolved the tiny figure into a rectangular shape, about two feet high by a foot wide. The alien was less than two inches thick and had no head.

Barnett frowned. He had never seen a rectangle floating above tall grass.

Adjusting the binoculars, he saw that the alien was

*continued on page 16*





You know  
that model,  
the one with  
the jagged  
points...

For 1914

# HANDS OFF

continued from page 14

roughly humaned. That is, it had four limbs. Two, almost hidden by the grass, were being used for walking, and the other two poked stiffly into the air. In its middle, Barnett could just make out two tiny eyes and a mouth. The creature was not wearing any sort of suit or helmet.

"Queen-looking," Agor muttered, adjusting the aperture of his blaster. "Suppose he's all there is?"

"Hope so," Barnett said, drawing his own blaster.

"Range about two hundred yards," Agor leveled his weapons, then looked up. "Did you want to talk to him first, Captain?"

"What's there to say?" Barnett asked, smiling badly. "Let him get a little closer, though. We don't want to miss."

Agor nodded and kept the alien steadily in his sights.



Kalen had stopped at this deserted little world hoping to blast out a few tons of ore, a mineral highly prized by the Mahogan people. He had had no luck. The unused thoracic bomb was still lodged in his body pouch, next

to a stray kerlin nut. He would have to return to Mahogan with ballast instead of cargo.

Well, he thought, emerging from the forest, better late than—

He was shocked to see a thin, strangely tapered spaceship near his own. He had never expected to find anyone else on this deadly little world.

And the inhabitants were waiting in front of his own airlock! Kalen saw at once they were roughly Mahogan in form. There was a race much like them in the Mahogan Union, but their spaceships were completely different. Instinct suggested that these aliens might well be representative of the great civilization rumored to be on the periphery of the Galaxy.

He advanced eagerly to meet them.

Strange, the aliens were not moving. Why didn't they come forward to meet him? He knew that they saw him because all three were pointing at him.

He walked faster, realizing that he knew nothing of their customs. He only hoped that they didn't run to long drawn-out ceremonies. Even an hour on this inhospitable world had tired him. He was hungry, badly in need of a shower...

Something intensely cold jarred him backward. He looked around apprehensively. Was this some unknown property of the planet?

He moved forward again. Another bolt lanced into him, freezing the outer layer of his hide.

This was serious. Mahogians were among the toughest

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moments of artistic discovery

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new wine from

the French capital

life-forms in the Galaxy, but they had their limits. Kalen looked around for the source of the trouble.

The aliens were shooting at him!

For a moment, his thinking centers refused to accept the evidence of his senses. Kalen knew what murder was. He had observed this pervasively with stunned horror among certain debased animal forms. And, of course, there were the abnormal psychology books, which documented every case of premeditated murder that had occurred in the history of Misbeg.

But to have such a thing actually happen to him? Kalen was unable to believe it.

Another bolt landed into him. Kalen stood still, trying to convince himself that this was really happening. He couldn't understand how creatures with sufficient sense of cooperation to run a spaceship could be capable of murder.

Besides, they didn't even know him!

Almost too late, Kalen whirled and ran toward the forest. All these aliens were firing now and the grass around him was crackling white with frost. His skin surface was completely frosted over. Cold was something the Misbegian constitution was not designed for and the chill was creeping into his internal organs.

But he could still hardly believe it.

Kalen proached the forest and a double blast caught him as he slid behind a tree. He could feel his internal system laboring desperately to restore warmth to his body and, with profound regret, he allowed the darkness to take him.



"Stupid kind of alien," Agge observed, holstering his blaster.

"Stupid and strong," Barnett said. "But no oxygen-breather can take much of that." He grinned proudly and slugged the silver-gray side of the ship. "We'll christen her *Endeavor II*."

"Three cheers for the captain!" Victor cried enthusiastically.

"Sew your breath," Barnett said. "You'll need it." He glanced overhead. "We've got about four boxes of light left. Victor, transfer the food, oxygen and tools from *Endeavor I* and disarm her guns. We'll come back and salvage the old gal some day. But I want to blast off by sundown."

Victor hurried off. Barnett and Agge entered the ship.

The rear half of *Endeavor II* was filled with generators, engines, converters, screws, fuel and air tanks. Past that was an enormous cargo hold, occupying almost another half of the ship. It was filled with crates of all shapes and colors, ranging in size from two inches in diameter to some twice the size of a man's head. That left only two compartments in the bow of the ship.

The first should have been a crew room, since it was the only available living space. But it was completely bare.



Left: The "Mystery" show and a light show from "The Mystery" show. Center: The "Mystery" show and a light show from "The Mystery" show. Right: The "Mystery" show and a light show from "The Mystery" show.



There were no decoration wags, no tables or chairs—nothing but polished metal floor. On the walls and ceiling were several small openings, but their purpose was not readily apparent.

Connected to this room was the pilot's compartment. It was very small, barely large enough for one man, and the panel under the observation blower was packed solidly with instruments.

"It's all yours," Barnett said. "Let's see what you can do."

Agar nodded, looked for a chair, then squatted in front of the panel. He began to study the layout.

In several hours, Victor had transferred all their stores to *Endurance II*. Agar still had not touched anything. He was trying to figure out what controlled what from the nose, color, shape and location of the instruments. It wasn't easy, even accepting similar nervous systems and patterns of thought. Did the auxiliary step-up system run from left to right? If not, he would have to unlearn his previous flight coordination. Did red signify danger to the dangers of this ship? If it did, that big switch could be for dumping fuel. But red could also mean hot fuel, in which case the switch might control engine energy flow.

For all he knew, its purpose was to overload the pilot in case of enemy attack.

Agar kept all this in mind as he studied the controls. He wasn't too worried. For one thing, spaceships were tough beasts, practically indestructible from the inside. For another, he believed he had caught onto the pattern.

Barnett stuck his head in the doorway, with Victor close behind him. "You ready?"

Agar looked over the panel. "Green so." He touched a dial lightly. "This should control the aiplinks."

He turned it. Victor and Barnett waited, peering, at the chilly room.

They heard the smooth flow of lubricated metal. The aiplinks had closed.

Agar grinned and blew on his fingertips for luck. "Here's the air-control system." He closed a switch.

Out of the ceiling, a yellow smoke began to trickle. "Impurities in the system," Agar muttered, adjusting a dial. Victor began to cough.

"Turn it off," Barnett said.

The smoke poured out in thick streams, filling the two rooms almost instantly.

"Turn it off!"

"I can't see it!" Agar thrust at the switch, missed and struck a button under it. Immediately the green stream began to whine angrily. Blue sparks danced along the panel and jumped to the wall.

Agar staggered back from the panel and collapsed. Victor was already at the door to the cargo hold, trying to hammer it down with his fists. Barnett covered his mouth with one hand and rushed to the panel. He fumbled blindly for the switch, feeling the ship revolve giddily around him.

Victor fell to the deck, still beating feebly at the door. Barnett jabbed blindly at the panel.



Instantly the generators stopped. Then Barnett felt a cold breeze on his face. He wiped his streaming eyes and looked up.

A lucky snub had closed the cooking vents, cutting off the yellow gas. He had accidentally opened the locks, and the gas in the ship was being replaced by the cold night air of the planet. Soon the atmosphere was breathable.

Victor clanked shakily to his feet, but Agos didn't move. Barnett gave the old pilot artificial respiration, coughing softly as he did. Agos's pupils finally flared and his chest began to rise and fall. A few minutes later, he sat up and shook his head.

"What was that stuff?" Victor asked.

"I'm afraid," Barnett said, "that our alien friend considered it a breathable atmosphere."

Agos shook his head. "Can't be, Captain. He was born on an oxygen world, walking around with no helmet—"

"Air requirements vary tremendously," Barnett pointed out. "Let's face it—our friend's physical makeup was quite different from ours."

"That's not so good," Agos said.

The three men looked at each other. In the silence that followed, they heard a faint, ominous sound.

"What was that?" Victor yelped, yanking out his blaster.

"Shut up!" Barnett shouted.

They listened. Barnett could feel the hairs lift on the back of his neck as he tried to identify the sound.

It came from a distance. It sounded like metal rubbing a hard non-metallic object.

The three men looked out the port. In the last glow of sunset, they could see the main port of *Endeavour I* was open. The sealed was coming from the ship.

"It's impossible," Agos said. "The freeze-blasters—"

"Didn't kill him," Barnett finished.

"That's bad," Agos grunted. "That's very bad."

Victor was still holding his blaster. "Captain, suppose I wander over that way—"

Barnett shook his head. "He wouldn't let you within ten feet of the lock. No, let me think. Was there anything on board he could use? The pilot?"

"I've got the links, Captain," Victor said.

"Good. Then there's nothing else—"

"The acid," Agos interrupted. "It's powerful stuff. But I don't suppose he can do much with that stuff."

"Not a thing," Barnett said. "We're in this ship and we're staying here. But get it off the ground now."

Agos looked at the instrument panel. Half an hour ago, he had almost unditched it. Now it was a curiously rigged death trap—a booby trap, with invisible wires leading to destruction.

The trap was constitutional. But a spaceship was necessarily a machine for living as well as tricking. The controls would try to reproduce the alien's living conditions, supply his needs.

That might be fatal to them.

"I wish I knew what kind of planet he came from," Agos said unhappily. If they knew the alien's environment, they could anticipate what his ship would do.

All they knew was that he breathed a poisonous yellow gas.

"We're doing all right," Barnett said without much confidence. "Just dope out the drive mechanism and we'll leave everything else alone."

Agar turned back to the controls.

Barnett wished he knew what the alien was up to. He stared at the bulk of his old ship in the twilight and listened to the incomprehensible sound of metal striking non-metal.



Kalen was surprised to find that he was still alive. But there was a saying among his people—"Either a Magoburn is killed fast or he isn't killed at all. It was not at all—so far."

Griggily, he sat up and leaned against a tree. The single red sun of the planet was low on the horizon and branches of poisonous oxygen swirled around him. He rested at once and found that his lungs were still securely sealed. His life-giving yellow air, although tainted from long use, was still sustaining him.

But he couldn't seem to get oriented. A few hundred yards away, his ship was resting peacefully. The fading and

light glimmered from its hull and, for a moment, Kalen was convinced that there were no aliens. He had imagined the whole thing and now he would return to his ship...

He saw one of the aliens loaded down with goods, enter his vessel. In a little while, the airlocks closed.

It was true, all of it. He wrenched his mind back to grim realities.

He needed food and air badly. His outer skin was dry and cracked, and in need of nutritional cleaning. But food, air and cleaners were on his lost ship. All he had was a single red keris nut and the pathetic hoard in his body pouch.

If he could open and cut the nut, he could regain a little strength. But how could he open it?

It was shocking, how complete his dependence on machinery had been. Now he would have to find some way of doing the most simple, ordinary, everyday things—the sort of things his ship had done automatically, without the operator even thinking about them.

Kalen noticed that the aliens had apparently abandoned their own ship. Why? It didn't matter. Out on the plain, he would die before morning. His only chance for survival lay inside their ship.

He slid slowly through the grass, stepping only when a wave of darkness swept over him. He tried to keep watch on his ship. If the aliens came after him now, all would be lost. But nothing happened. After an eternity of crawling, he reached the ship and slipped inside.

It was twilight. In the darkness, he could see that

*continued on page 25*

# CHES





ALL  
PEOPLE -  
UNITED!





## HANDS OFF continued from page 26

vessel was old. The walls, too thin in the first place, had been patched and repatched. Everything spoke of long, hard use.

He could understand why they wanted his ship.

Another wave of dizziness swept over him. It was his body's way of demanding immediate attention.

Food seemed to be the first problem. He slipped the lute net out of his pouch. It was round, almost four inches in diameter, and its hole was two inches thick. Nets of this sort were the main ingredient of a Mahogian spokesman's diet. They were energy-packed and would last almost forever, unless.

He propped the net against a wall, found a steel bar and smashed down on it. The bar, cutting the net, crumpled a hollow, drum-like sound. The net was undamaged.

Kahn wondered if the sound could be heard by the aliens. He would have to chance it. Setting himself firmly, he faded away. In fifteen minutes, he was exhausted and the bar was bent almost in half.

The net was undamaged.

He was unable to open the net without a Cracker, a standard device on every Mahogian ship. No one ever thought of opening a net in any other way.

It was a terrifying evidence of his helplessness.

He lifted the bar for another whack and found that his limbs were stiffening. He dropped the bar and took stock.

His chilled outer hide was hampering his motions. The skin was hardening slowly into shiproom foam. Once the hardening was completed, he would be immobilized. Frozen in position, he would sit or stand until he died of asphyxiation.

Kahn fought back a wave of despair and tried to think. He had to treat his skin without delay. That was more important than food. On board his own ship, he would wash and bathe it, soften and eventually cure it. But it was doubtful whether the aliens carried the proper chemicals.

The only other course was to rip off his outer hide. The second layer would be tender for a few days, but at least he would be mobile.

He scratched on stiffening limbs for a Changer. Then he realized that the aliens wouldn't have even this piece of basic apparatus. He was still on his own.

He took the steel bar, bent it into a hook and inserted the point under a fold of skin. He yanked upward with all his strength.

His skin refused to yield.

Next, he wedged himself between a generator and the wall and prized the hook in a different way. But his arms weren't long enough to gain leverage, and the tough hide held stubbornly.

He tried a dozen different positions, unsuccessfully. Without mechanical assistance, he couldn't hold himself rigidly enough.

Warily, he dropped the bar. He could do nothing, nothing at all. Then he remembered the stonite bomb in his pouch.

A primitive part of his mind which he had not previously known existed told that there was an easy way out of all this. He could slip the bomb under the hull of his ship, while the aliens weren't looking. The light charge would

do no more than throw the ship twenty or thirty feet into the air, but would not really damage it.

The aliens, however, would undoubtedly be killed.

Kahn was horrified. How could he think such a thing? The Mahogian taboo, ingrained in the fiber of his being forbade the taking of intelligent life for any reason whatsoever. Any reason.

"But wouldn't that be justified?" that primitive portion of his mind whispered. "These aliens are diseased. You would be doing the Universe a favor by getting rid of them and only incidentally helping yourself. Don't think of it as murder. Consider it extermination."

He took the bomb out of his pouch and looked at it, then hastily put it away. "No!" he told himself, with less conviction.

He refused to think any more. On tired, almost rigid limbs, he began to search the alien ship, looking for something that would save his life.



Agge was crunched in the pilot's compartment, warily marking switches with an indelible pencil. His lungs ached and he had been working all night. Now there was a bleak gray dawn outside and a stiff wind was whipping around *Endeavor II*. The spaceship was lighted but cold, for Agge didn't want to touch the temperature controls.

Victor came into the crew room, staggering under the weight of a heavy packing case.

"Barnett?" Agge called out.

"He's coming," Victor said.

The captain wasted all their equipment up front, where they could get at it quickly. But the crew room was small and he had used most of the available space.

Looking around for a spot to put the case Victor noticed a door in one wall. He pushed its steel seal and the door slid smoothly into the ceiling, revealing a room the size of a closet. Victor decided it would make an ideal storage space.

Ignoring the crashed red shells on the floor, he slid the case inside.

Immediately, the ceiling of the little room began to descend.

Victor let out a yell that could be heard throughout the ship. He leaped up—and slammed his head against the ceiling. He fell on his face, stunned.

Agge rushed out of the pilot's compartment and Barnett sprinted into the room. Barnett grabbed Victor's legs and tried to drag him out, but Victor was heavy and the captain was unable to get a purchase on the smooth metal floor.

With one presence of mind, Agge up-ended the packing case. The ceiling was momentarily stopped by it.

Together, Barnett and Agge tugged at Victor's legs. They managed to drag him out just in time. The heavy case splintered and, in another moment, was crushed like a piece of hollow wood.

The ceiling of the little room, descending on a grained shaft, compressed the packing case to a smother thickness. Then its gears clicked and it slid back into place without a sound.

Victor sat up and rubbed his head. "Captain," he said plaintively, "can't we get out our ship back?"

Agos was doubtful of the venture, too. He looked at the dusky little room, which again resembled a closet with unshod red heels on the floor.

"Sure seems like a gun ship," he said worriedly. "Maybe Victor's right."

"You want to give her up?" Barnett asked.

Agos squirmed uncomfortably and nodded. "Trouble is," he said, not looking at Barnett, "we don't know what she'll do next. It's just too risky, Captain."

"Do you realize what you'd be giving up?" Barnett challenged. "Her hull alone is worth a fortune. Have you looked at her engines? There's nothing this side of Earth that could stop her. She could drill her way through a planet and come out the other side with all her paint on. And you want to give her up?"

"She won't be worth enough if she kills us," Agos objected.

Victor nodded emphatically. Barnett stared at them.

"Now listen to me carefully," Barnett said. "We are not going to give up this ship. She is now paid. She's clean and filled with shot apparatus. All we have to do is keep our hands off things until we reach drydock. Understood?"

Agos wanted to say something about closets that turned

into hydraulic presses. It didn't seem up him a promising sign for the future. But, looking at Barnett's face, he decided against it.

"Have you marked all the operating controls?" Barnett asked.

"Just a few more to go," Agos said.

"Right. Finish up and these are the only ones we'll touch. If we leave the rest of the ship alone, she'll leave us alone. There's no danger if we just keep hands off."

Barnett wiped perspiration from his face, leaned against a wall and unbuttoned his coat.

Immediately, two metal bands slid out of openings on either side of him and circled his waist and stomach.

Barnett stared at them for a moment, then threw himself forward with all his strength. The bands didn't give. There was a peculiar clicking sound in the walls and a slender wire filament slid out. It touched Barnett's coat appreciably, then retreated into the wall.

Agos and Victor stared helplessly.

"Turn it off," Barnett said firmly.

Agos rushed into the control room. Victor continued staring. Out of the wall slid a metal limb, tipped with a glimmering three-inch blade.

"Stop it!" Barnett screamed.

Victor unfolded. He ran up and tried to wrench the metal limb out of the wall. It twisted once and then sent him reeling across the room.

With the precision of a surgeon, the blade slit Barnett's coat down the middle, not touching the shirt underneath. Then the limb slid out of sight.



Agge was punching controls now and the generators whined, the lights opened and closed, stabilizers twitched, lights flickered. The mechanism that held Barnett was unaltered.

The slender filament returned. It touched Barnett's shirt and passed an instant. The internal mechanism chattered minutely. The filament touched Barnett's shirt again, as if unsure of its function in this case.

Agge shouted from the control room, "I can't turn it off. It must be fully automatic!"

The filament slid into the wall. It disappeared and the knife-tipped limb slid out.

By this time, Victor had located a heavy wrench. He reached over, swung it above his head and smashed it against the limb, narrowly missing Barnett's head.

The limb was not even dented. Scarcely, it cut Barnett's shirt from his back, leaving him naked to the waist.

Barnett was not hurt, but his eyes rolled wildly as the filament came out. Victor put his fist in his mouth and backed away. Agge often his eyes.

The filament touched Barnett's warm living flesh, checked approvingly and slid back into the wall. The hands opened. Barnett tumbled to his knees.

For a while, no one spoke. There was nothing to say. Barnett stared moodily into space. Victor started to crack his knuckles over and over again, until Agge nudged him.

The old pilot was trying to figure out why the mechanism had air Barnett's clothing and then stopped when it reached living flesh. Was this the way the alien undressed himself? It didn't make sense. But then, the press-chest

didn't make sense, either.

In a way, he was glad it had happened. It must have taught Barnett something. Now they would leave this jinxed monstrosity and figure out a way of regaining their own ship.

"Get me a shirt," Barnett said. Victor bravely found one for him. Barnett slipped it on, staying clear of the walls. "How soon can you get this ship moving?" he asked Agge, a bit anxiously.

"What?"

"You heard me."

"Haven't you had enough?" Agge gasped.

"No. How soon can we blast out?"

"About another hour," Agge growled. What else could he say? The captain was just too much. Wearily, Agge returned to the control room.

Barnett put a sweater over the shirt and a coat over that. I was chilly in the room and he had begun to shiver violently.



Kalen lay motionless on the deck of the alien ship. Foolishly, he had wasted most of his remaining strength in trying to rip off his stiff outer hide. But the hide grew

**EXCITING FANTASY IDEA — THE ANGLE WATCH —** A daring proposal to place a time-piece in the hands of Mickey's shoe...



**GETTING UP**

"O dear — something's already..."



**THE COCKTAIL HOUR**

"Whipped! I think it's time to hurry..."



**THE QUICK MARCH**

"Time to catch my train — What if I can get the watch's message..."



**THE LAST DOCTOR**

"My dear! You get into a very... seriously have a fever!"



**THE BIKINI CASE**

"I've no confidence you tell the telephone... but I keep looking at the time and..."



**WHICH THE WATCH**

"What my timepiece says — everything stops..."



progressively tougher as he grew weaker. Now it seemed hardly worthwhile to move. Better to rest and feel his normal fire burn away...

Soon he was dreaming of the ridged hills of Malaga and the great port of Cádiz, where the merchantmen traded away down with their strange cargoes. He was there at twilight, looking over the flat roofs at the two great sailing masts. But why were they sitting together in the south, the blue sea and the yellow? How could they sit together in the south? A physical impossibility... Perhaps his father could explain it, for it was rapidly growing dark.

He shook himself out of the fantasy and stared at the gun light of morning. This was not the way for a Malaguan spaceship to die. He would try again.

After half an hour of slow, painful searching, he found a sealed metal box in the rear of the ship. The aliens had evidently overlooked it. He wrenched off the top. Inside were several bottles, carefully flamed and padded against shock. Kelen lifted one and examined it.

It was marked with a large white symbol. There was no reason why he should know the symbol, but it seemed faintly familiar. He searched his memory, trying to recall where he had seen it.

Then, faintly, he remembered. It was a representation of a humanized skull. There was one humanized skull in the Malaguan Union and he had seen replicas of their skulls in a museum.

But why would anyone put such a thing on a bottle?

To Kelen, a skull conveyed an emotion of reverence.

This must be what the manufacturers had intended. He opened the bottle and sniffed.

The odor was interesting. It reminded him of—  
Skin-cleaning solution?

Without further delay, he poured the entire bottle over himself. Hardly daring to hope, he waited. If he could put his skin back into working order...

Yes, the liquid in the skull-marked bottle was a mild cleanser! It was pleasantly scented, too.

He poured another bottle over his armored hide and let the nutritious fluid seep in. His body, starved for nourishment, called eagerly for more. He drained another bottle.

For a long time, Kelen just lay back and let the life-giving fluid seep in. His skin loosened and became pliable. He could feel a new surge of energy within him, a new will to live.

He would live!

After the bath, Kelen examined the spaceship's controls, hoping to pilot the old crate back to Malaga. There were immediate difficulties. For some reason, the piloting controls weren't sealed into a separate room. He wondered why not? These strange systems couldn't have turned their hole ship into a death-trap chamber. They couldn't! There wasn't enough tank space to hold the fluid.

It was perplexing, but everything about the aliens was perplexing. He could overcome that difficulty. But when Kelen stopped the engine, he saw that a vital link had been removed from the pilot. They were useless.



That *is* only one alternative. He had to win back his own ship.

But how?

He paced the deck restlessly. The *Matagorda* didn't forbade killing intelligent life, and there were no ifs or buts about it. Under no circumstances—not even to save your own life—were you allowed to kill. It was a wise rule and had served *Matagorda* well. By strict adherence to it, the *Matagorda* had avoided war for three thousand years and had trained their people to a high degree of civility. Which would have been impossible had they allowed exceptions to creep in. Ifs and buts could erode the soundest of principles.

He could not be a bystander.

But was he going to die here passively?

Looking down, Kalen was surprised to see that a puddle of cleaning solution had eaten a hole in the deck. How bloody these ships were made—even a mild cleaning solution could damage one! The aliens themselves must be very weak.

One electric bomb could do it.

He walked to the port. No one seemed to be on guard. He supposed they were too busy preparing for takeoff. It would be easy to slide through the grass, up to his ship . . .

And no one on *Matagorda* would ever have to know about it.

Kalen found, to his surprise, that he had covered almost half the distance between ships without realizing it.

Strange, how his body could do things without his mind being aware of it.

He took out the bomb and crawled another twenty feet.

Because after all—taking the long view—what difference would this killing make?



"Aren't you ready yet?" Barnett asked, at noon.

"I guess so," Agor said. He looked over the marked panel. "As ready as I'll ever be."

Barnett nodded. "Victor and I will strap down in the crew room. Take off under maximum acceleration."

Barnett returned to the crew room. Agor fastened the straps he had rigged and rubbed his hands together nervously. As far as he knew, all the essential controls were marked. Everything should go all right. He hoped.

For there were that clock and the handle. It was anyone's guess what the remote ship would do next.

"Ready out here," Barnett called from the crew room.

"All right. About ten seconds." He closed and sealed the airlocks. The door closed automatically, cutting him off from the crew room. Feeling a slight touch of claustrophobia.

*continued on page 31*



Mr. Richard Nixon, you cannot join the club

## HANDS OFF continued from page 29

planes, Agre activated the pilot. Everything was fine so far.

There was a thin slick of oil on the deck. Agre decided it was from a loose joint and ignored it. The control surfaces worked beautifully. He punched a course into the ship's tape and activated the flight controls.

Then he felt something lapping against his foot. Looking down, he was amazed to see that thick, evil-smelling oil was almost three inches deep on the deck. It was quite a leak. He couldn't understand how a ship so well built as this could have such a flaw. Unstrapping himself, he groped for the source.

He found it. There were four small vents in the deck and each of them was feeding a smooth, even flow of oil.

Agre punched the stud that opened his door and found that it remained sealed. Refusing to grow panicky, he examined the door with care.

It should open.

It didn't.

The oil was almost up to his knees.

He primed dolefully. Stupid of him! The pilot room was sealed from the control board. He pressed the release and went back to the door.

It still refused to open.

Agre tugged at it with all his strength, but it wouldn't budge. He waded back to the control panel. There had been no oil when they found the ship. That meant there had to be a drain somewhere.

The oil was waist-deep before he found it. Quickly the oil disappeared. Once it was gone, the door opened easily.

"What's the matter?" Barnett asked.

Agre told him.

"So that's how he does it," Barnett said quietly. "Glad I found out."

"Does what?" Agre asked, feeling that Barnett was taking the whole thing too lightly.

"How to stand the acceleration of takeoff. It bothered me. He hadn't anything on board that resembled a ball or cot. No chairs, nothing to strap into. So he floats in the oil bath, which turns on automatically when the ship is prepared for flight."

"But why wouldn't the door open?" Agre asked.

"Isn't it obvious?" Barnett said, looking patiently. "He wouldn't want oil all over the ship. And he wouldn't want it to drain out accidentally."

"We can't take off," Agre insisted.

"Why not?"

"Because I can't breathe very well under oil. It turns on automatically with the power and there's no way of turning it off."

"Use your head," Barnett told him. "Just fix down the drain switch. The oil will be carried away as fast as it comes in."

"Yeah, I hadn't thought of that," Agre admitted unhappily.

"Go ahead, then."

"I want to change my clothes first."

"No. Get the damned ship off the ground."

"But, Captain—"

"Get her moving," Barnett ordered. "For all we know, that alien is planning something."

Agre shrugged his shoulders, returned to the pilot room and strapped in.

"Ready?"

"Yes, get her moving."

He nudged down the drain control and the oil flowed safely in and out, not rising higher than the tops of his shoes. He activated all the controls without further incident.

"Here goes." He set minimum acceleration and blew on his fingertips for luck.

Then he punched the blast-switch.



With profound regret, Kalen watched his ship depart. He was still holding the thermite bomb in his hand.

He had watched his ship, had even stood under her for a few seconds. Then he had crept back to the alien vessel. He had been unable to set the bomb. Centuries of conditioning were too much to overcome in a few hours.

Conditioning—and something more.

Few individuals of any race murder for pleasure. There are perfectly adequate reasons to kill, though reasons which might satisfy any philosopher.

But, once accepted, there are more reasons, and more and more. And murder, once accepted, is hard to stop. It leads unthinkingly to war and, from there, to annihilation.

Kalen felt that this murder somehow involved the destiny of his race. His sheltermen had been almost a master of man-survival.

But it didn't make him feel any better.

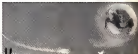
He watched his ship dwindle to a dot in the sky. The aliens were leaving at a ridiculously slow speed. He could think of no reason for this, unless they were doing it for his benefit.

Undoubtedly they were sadistic enough for that.

Kalen returned to the ship. His will to live was as strong as ever. He had no intention of giving up. He would hang onto life as long as he could, hoping for the one chance in a million that would bring another ship to this planet.

Looking around, he thought that he might connect an air substation out of the skull-marked chamber. It would sustain him for a day or two. Then, if he could open the lockman—

He thought he heard a noise outside and rushed to look. The sky was empty. His ship had vanished, and he was alone.



He returned to the alien ship and sat about the useless business of staying alive.

As Agge recovered consciousness, he found that he had managed to cut the acceleration in half, just before passing out. This was the only thing that had saved his life.

And the acceleration, hovering just above zero on the dial, was still unbearably heavy! Agge crawled the door and crawled out.

Barnett and Victor had burst their stage on the tarmac! Victor was just returning to consciousness. Barnett pulled himself out of a pile of smashed cases.

"Do you think you're flying in a circle?" he complained. "I told you maximum acceleration."

"I started under minimum acceleration," Agge said. "Go read the tape for yourself."

Barnett marched to the control room. He came out quickly.

"That's bad. Our alien friend operates this ship at three times our acceleration."

"That's the way it looks."

"I hadn't thought of that," Barnett said thoughtfully. "He must have come from a heavy planet—a place where you have to blast out at high speed, if you expect to get out at all."

"What did he?" Victor propped, rubbing his head.

There was a clicking in the walls. The ship was fully awake now, and its servos turned on automatically.

"Getting warm, isn't it?" Victor asked.

"Yeah, and thick," Agge said. "Pressure buildup." He went back to the control room. Barnett and Victor stood anxiously in the doorway, watching.

"I can't turn it off," Agge said, wiping perspiration from his streaming face. "The temperature and pressure are automatic. They must go to 'normal' as soon as the ship is in flight."

"You damn well better turn them off," Barnett told him. "We'll fry in here if you don't."

"There's no way."

"He must have some kind of heat regulation."

"Sure—there!" Agge said, pointing. "The control is already set at its lowest point."

"What do you suppose his normal temperature is?" Barnett asked.

"I'd hate to find out," Agge said.

"This ship is built of extremely high melting-point alloys. It's constructed to withstand ten times the pressure of an Earth ship. Put those together . . ."

"You must be able to turn it off somewhere!" Barnett said. He peeled off his jacket and sweater. The heat was mounting rapidly and the deck was becoming too hot to stand on.

"Turn it off!" Victor howled.

"Wait a minute," Agge said. "I didn't build this ship, you know. How should I know?"

"Off!" Victor screamed, shoving Agge up and down like a rag doll. "Off!"

"Let go!" Agge half-drove his blister. Then, in a burst of inspiration, he turned off the ship's engines.

The clicking in the walls stopped.

The room began to cool.

"What happened?" Victor asked.

"The temperature and pressure fall when the power is off," Agge said. "We're safe—as long as we don't run the engines."

"How long will it take us to coast to a port?" Barnett asked.

Agge figured it out. "About three years," he said. "We're pretty far out."

"Isn't there any way we can rip out those servos? Disconnect them?"

"They're built into the guts of the ship," Agge said. "We'd need a full-machine shop and skilled help. Even then, it wouldn't be easy."

# THE LAST NIGHT AT MINGLE MANOR—WHERE THE MENUS MINGLE—by E. W. Foss





Barnett was silent for a long time. Finally he said, "All right."

"All right, what?"

"We're licked. We've got to go back to that planet and take our own ship."

Agge heaved a sigh of relief and punched a new course on the ship's tape.

"You think the alien'll get it back?" Victor asked.

"Sure he will," Barnett said, "if he's not dead. He'll be pretty anxious to get his own ship back. And he has to leave our ship to get in his."

"Sure. But once he gets back on this ship..."

"We'll jamack the controls," Barnett said. "That'll slow him down."

"For a little while," Agge pointed out. "But he'll get into the air sooner or later, with blood in his eye. We'll never catch him."

"We won't have to," Barnett said. "All we have to do is get into the air first. He's got a strong hull, but I don't think it'll take three atomic bombs."

"I hadn't thought of that," Agge said, smacking faintly.

"Only logical move," Barnett said complacently. "The aliens in the hull will still be worth something. Now, get us back without firing us, if you

can."

Agge turned the engines on. He swung the ship around in a tight curve, piling on all the Gs they could stand. The servos clicked on, and the temperature shot rapidly up. Once the curve was rounded, Agge pointed *Endeavor II* in the right direction and shut off the engines.

They coasted most of the way. But when they reached the planet, Agge had to leave the engines on, to bring them around the deceleration spiral and into the landing.

They were barely able to get out of the ship. Their skins were blistered and their shoes burned through. There was no time to jamack the controls.

They retreated to the woods and waited.

"Perhaps he's dead," Agge said hopefully.

They saw a small figure emerge from *Endeavor I*. The alien was moving slowly, but he was moving.

They watched. "Suppose," Victor said, "he's made a weapon of some kind. Suppose he comes after us."

"Suppose you shut up," Barnett said.

The alien walked directly to his own ship. He went inside and shut the locks.

"All right," Barnett said, standing up. "We'd better blast off in a hurry. Agge, you take the controls. I'll command the poles. Victor, you watch the locks. Let's go!"

They sprinted across the plain and, in a matter of seconds, had reached the open airlock of *Endeavor I*.

Even if he had wanted to hurry, Kalen didn't have the necessary strength to pilot his ship. But he knew that he was safe, once inside. No alien was going to walk through those sealed ports.



He found a space air tank in the rear and opened it. His ship filled with rich, life-giving yellow air. For long minutes, Kalen just breathed it.

Then he tapped three of the biggest kerb nuts he could find to the pulley and let the Cracker open them.



After eating, he felt much better. He let the Charger take off his outer robe. The second layer was dead, too, and the Charger cut that off him, but stopped at the third, living layer.

He was almost as good as new when he slipped into the pilot's room.

It was apparent to him now that the aliens had been temporarily insane. There was no other way to explain why they had come back and returned his ship.

Therefore, he would find their authorities and report the location of the planet. They could be found and cured, once and for all.

Kalen felt very happy. He had not deviated from the Mahagan ethic, and that was the important thing. He could so easily have left the shivering beings in their ship, all wet and tamed. He could have wrecked their engines. And there had been a temptation.

But he had not. He had done nothing at all.

All he had done was construct a few minimum essentials for the preservation of life.

Kalen restored his controls and found that everything was in perfect working order. The acceleration fluid poured in as he turned on the pilot.

Victor crashed the airlock first and dashed in. Instantly, he was hurried back.

"What happened?" Barnett asked.

"Something hit me," Victor said.

Curiously, they looked inside.

It was a very neat death trap. Wires from the storage batteries had been hooked in series and rigged across the

post. If Victor had been touching the side of the ship, he would have been electrocuted instantly.

They shorted out the system and entered the ship.

It was a mess. Everything movable had been tipped up and shaken around. There was a bent steel bar in a corner. Their high-potency acid had been spilled over the deck and had eaten through in several places. The *Endavor's* old hull was baled.

"I never thought it'd get back so!" Agor said.

They explored further. Toward the rear was another booby trap. The cargo hold door had been cunningly rigged to the small starter motor. If anyone touched it, the door would be slammed against the wall. A man might between would be crushed.

There were other hoodlums that gave no hint of their purpose.

"Can we fix it?" Barnett asked.

Agor shrugged his shoulders. "Most of our tools are still on board *Endavor II*. I suppose we can get her patched up inside of a year. But even then, I don't know if the hull will hold."

They walked outside. The alien ship blasted off.

"What a monster!" Barnett said, looking at the end-of-the-hull of his ship.

"You can never tell what an alien will do," Agor answered.

"The only good alien is a dead alien," Victor said.

*Endavor I* was now as incomprehensible and dangerous as *Endavor II*.

And *Endavor II* was gone.

END

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FRENCH FILMSTILLS have beggared movie-makers and stars...



**The Hugger**  
 He Ah - my love my son-bon,  
 my flower  
 She: Shhl  
 He How I long for the moment  
 when you will warm in my  
 arms.  
 She: Shhl  
 He: ... and what your mother  
 won't be proud to  
 A Famous Voice: Your connection  
 has been cut, young man!



**The Jealous Lover**  
 He: Where have you heard I do  
 mean it indeed!  
 She: How darling, I'm in a lingerie  
 shop.  
 He: But you've been there for four  
 hours.  
 She: Yes, I know, but I've been  
 trying on the most divine slips,  
 and just now, someone is go-  
 ing to show me a lovely bod-  
 ycorset. ... I'm sure you'll like  
 it very much.  
 He (sighs): Naturally. You always  
 find someone to like your  
 bodycorset.





From the Pop Psychology, 1953



#### The Lovers

He: Oh! my darling Ada!      ah!

She: Ah! my own Robert      ah!

He: Oh! Oh! Oh!

She: Ah! Ah! Ah!

The telephone operator: Another voice hanging only by a 'hot' phone wire!



#### The Businessman

— I won't pay, I never signed a thing.

— O, but I have a photocopy of the letter proving that you did.

— And I have proof that that letter is forged.

— There, there, my dear Cal. Now, I was only joking.

— As was I, my dear Monica. Everything far so laugh. When shall we have lunch together?



I don't care if  
you are the new premier, we're  
going to the same lunch-centers  
as everybody else!



CONRADIN WAS DREADFULLY AFRAID OF THE LITTLE SHARP-TANGED BEAST, BUT IT WAS HIS MOST TREASURED POSSESSION...

# Srendi Vashitar

by Saki

Conradin was ten years old, and the doctor had pronounced his pronounced opinion that the boy would not live another five years.

The doctor was silly and often, and counted for little, but his opinion was endorsed by Mrs. De Rapp, who looked for nearly everything. Mrs. De Rapp was Conradin's cousin and governess, and in his

eyes she represented three-fourths of the world that was necessary and comfortable and good, the other two-fifths, the beautiful things that the doctors, were counted upon himself and his imagination. One of these things Conradin supposed he would succeed in the

managing business of obtaining necessary things, such as his

travelling

sees and coddling restrictions and dreary dullness. Without his imagination, which was rampant under the spur of loneliness, he would have succumbed long ago.

Mrs. De Rapp would never, in her honest moments, have confessed to herself that she disliked Conradin, though she might have been duly aware that towering him "for his good" was a duty which she did not find particularly arduous. Conradin hated her with a desperate sincerity which he was perfectly able to mask. Such few pleasures as he could contrive for himself gained an added relish from the likelihood that they would be displeasing to his guardian.

In the dull, cheerless garden, overlooked by so many windows that were ready to open with a message not to do this or that, or a reminder that medicines were due, he found little stimulus. The few fruit-trees that it contained were set pitifully apart from his plucking, as though they were mere specimens of their kind blooming in an arid waste; it would probably have been difficult to find a market-gardener who would have offered ten shillings for their entire yearly produce. In a forgotten corner, however, almost hidden behind a dismal shrubbery, was a dimmed tool-shed of respectable proportions, and within its walls Conradin found a haven, something that took on the varying aspects of a phreosm and a cathedral. His head peeped in with a legion of familiar phantasms, evoked partly from fragments of history and partly from his own brain, but it also boasted two inmates of flesh and blood.

In one corner lived a ragged-plumaged Houdan hen, on which the boy lavished an affection that had scarcely another outlet. Farther back in the gloom stood a large hutch, divided into two compartments, one of which was furnished with close iron bars. This was the abode of a large polecat-furter, which a friendly teacher-boy had once smuggled, cage and all, into its present quarters, in exchange for a long-serrated board of small ivory. Conradin was dreadfully afraid of the little sharp-fanged beast, but it was his most treasured possession. Its very presence in the tool-shed was a secret and fearful joy, to be kept scrupulously from the knowledge of the Woman, as he privately dubbed his cousin. And one day, out of Heaven knows what material, he upon the beast a wonderful figure, and from that moment it grew into a god and a religion. The Woman, indeed in religion once a week at a church near by, and took Conradin with her, but to him the church service was an alien rite in the House of Rimmon. Every Thursday, in the dim and musty silence of the tool-shed, he worshipped with mystic and elaborate ceremonial before the wooden hutch where dwelt Sredni Vashar, the great terror. Red flowers in their season and scarlet berries in the winter-time were offered at his shrine, for he was a god who had some special stress on the fierce impatient side of things, as opposed to the Woman's religion, which, as far as Conradin could observe, went to great lengths in the contrary direction. And on great festivals powdered nutmeg was strewn in front of his hutch, an important feature of the offering being that the nutmeg had to be stolen. These festivals were of irregular occurrence, and were chiefly appointed to celebrate some passing event. On one occasion, when Mrs. De Rapp suffered from acute toothache for three days, Conradin kept up the festival during the entire three days, and almost succeeded in

persuading himself that Sredni Vashar was personally responsible for the toothache. If the nutmeg had lasted for another day the supply of nutmeg would have given out.

The Houdan hen was never driven into the cage of Sredni Vashar. Conradin had long ago settled that she was an Anabaptist. He did not pretend to have the remotest knowledge as to what an Anabaptist was, but he privately hoped that it was disturbing and not very respectable. Mrs. De Rapp was the ground plan on which he based and deflected all respectability.

After a while Conradin's absorption in the tool-shed began to attract the notice of his guardian. "It is not good for him to be pottering down there in all weathers," she promptly decided, and at breakfast one morning she announced that the Houdan hen had been sold and taken away overnight. With her short-sighted eyes she peered at Conradin, waiting for an outbreak of rage and sorrow which she was ready to rebuke with a flow of excellent precepts and reasoning. But Conradin said nothing. Some thing perhaps in his white set face gave her a momentary quiver, for at one that afternoon there was toast on the table a delivery which she usually banned.

"I thought you liked toast," she exclaimed with an injured air, observing that he did not touch it.

"Sometimes," said Conradin.



In the shed that evening there was an innovation in worship of the hutch-god. Conradin had been wont to chant his praises, tonight he talked a boom.

"Do one thing for me, Sredni Vashar."

The thing was not specified. As Sredni Vashar was a god he must be supposed to know. And chinking back a job as he looked at that other empty corner, Conradin went back to the world he so hated.

And every night, in the welcome darkness of his bedroom, and every evening in the dusk of the tool-shed, Conradin's better trinity were up. "Do one thing for me, Sredni Vashar."

Mrs. De Rapp noticed that the visits to the shed did not stop, and one day she made a further journey of inspection.

"What are you keeping in that locked hutch?" she asked. "I believe it's guano—page! I'll have them all cleared away."

Conradin shut his lips tight, but the Woman rummaged his bedroom till she found the carefully hidden key, and forthwith marched down to the shed to complete her discovery. It was a cold afternoon, and Conradin had been bidden to keep to the house. From the furthest window of the dining-room the door of the shed could just be seen beyond the corner of the shrubbery, and there Conradin stationed himself. He saw the Woman enter, and then he imagined her opening the door of the sacred hutch and peering down with her short-sighted eyes into the thick straw bed where his god lay hidden. Perhaps she would prod in the straw in her clumsy impatience. And Conradin devoutly breathed his prayer for the last time. But he knew as he prayed that he did not believe. He knew that the Woman would come out presently with that sacred

*continued on page 48*



Crummy!  
But that  
door!

# Sreendi Vashitar

cont'd from pg. 18

smile he looked as well on her face, and that in an hour or two the gardener would carry away his wonderful good, a good no longer, but a simple brown kerri; in a hunch. And he knew that the Woman would triumph always as she triumphed now, and that he would grow even more subtly under her goitering and dominating and superior wisdom, till one day nothing would matter much more with him, and the doctor would be proved right. And in the sting and misery of his defeat, he began to chant loudly and defiantly the hymns of his threatened doom.

Sreendi Vashitar went forth,

His thoughts were red thoughts and his teeth were white.

His enemies called for peace, but he brought them death.

Sreendi Vashitar the Beautiful

And then of a sudden he stopped his chanting and drew closer to the window-pane. The door of shed still stood open as it had been left, and the curtains were slipping by. They were long curtains, but they slipped nevertheless. He watched the starlings running and flying in little parties across the lawn, he counted them over and over again, with one eye always on that swinging door. A over-faced maid came in to lay the table for tea, and still Conradi stood and waited and watched. Hope had crept by inches into his heart, and now a look of triumph began to bloom in his eyes that had only known the wishful pain of defeat. Under his breath, with a furtive causticity, he began once again the poems of victory and devastation. And presently his eyes were rewarded: out through that

doorway came a long, low, yellow-and-brown beast, with eyes a-blink at the waning daylight, and dark wet stains around the far of jaws and throat. Conradi dropped on his knees. The great polenta-furied made its way down to a small brook in the foot of the garden, drank for a moment, then crossed a little plank bridge and was lost to sight in the bushes. Such was the passing of Sreendi Vashitar.



It is a study," said the sour-faced maid, "where is the mistress?"

"She went to the shed some time ago," said Conradi.

And while the maid went to summon her mistress to tea, Conradi fished a teasing-lark out of the sideboard drawer and proceeded to toast himself a piece of bread. And during the toasting of it and the buttering of it with much butter and the slow enjoyment of eating it, Conradi listened to the noise and splashes which fell in quick upsurges beyond the dining-room door. The loud foolish screaming of the maid, the answering chorus of wondering ejaculations from the kitchen region, the scolding face-slops and hurried embassies for outside help, and then, after a fall, the scared sobbings and the shuffling tread of those who bore a heavy burden to the house.

"Whoever will break it to the poor child? I couldn't for the life of me!" exclaimed a shrill voice. And while they debated the matter among themselves, Conradi made himself another piece of toast.

END



CORIN ALLEN, WARREN DAVIS, SANDY BONE IN BEACH PROPERTY





**THE JEALOUS HUSBAND** *A gag-comedy in six acts with three characters, one of whom shows only his feet*



This story occurs under the blue skies and blue towns of Puritan New England, in the days when religion was still taken seriously by a great many people, and in the town of Plymouth where the "Mayflower", having ploughed its plumbline way from Holland, had landed its precious cargo of pious Right Thinkers, moral Gentlemen of God, and—Priscilla.

Priscilla was—well, Priscilla had yellow hair. In a later generation, in a 1921 June, if she walked by at a country club dance you would have noticed first of all that glorious mass of bobbed corn-colored locks. You would, then, perhaps, have glanced idly at her face, and vaguely said "Oh my gosh!" The next moment you would have clutched the nearest wing and bawled, "Quick—yellow hair—silver dress—oh Jesus!" You would then have been introduced, and after dancing nine feet you would have been cut in on by another passing stag. In those olden times but you would have become completely dazzled by one of the smoothest lines since the building of the Southern Pacific. You would then have borrowed somebody's flask, gone into the locker room and gotten an edge—not a buckles-dinner edge but just enough to give you the proper amount of confidence. You would have returned to the ballroom, cut in on this twentieth century Priscilla, and taken her and your edge out to a convenient broomcase, or the first ice.

It was of some such yellow-haired Priscilla that Homer dreamed when he wrote his lyre and chanted, "I sing of men and the man", it was at the sight of such as the dear rare Ben Johnson's Dr. Faustus cried, "Was this the

face that launched a thousand ships?" In all ages has such beauty enchanted the minds of men, calling forth in one country the Pisanian term of "Paradise Lost," in another the passionate sighs of a dozen Beethoven symphonies. In 1630 the pagan daughter of Helen of Troy and Cleopatra of the Nile happened, by a characteristic jolt of the great Ironist, to embark with her aunt on the "Mayflower."

Like all girls of eighteen Priscilla had learned to kiss and be kissed on every possible occasion, in the cockpit and out at all uncongenial pleasure of "petting" she had acquired infinite wisdom and complete disaffectionment. But in all her "petting parties" on the "Mayflower" and in Plymouth she had found no Puritan who held her interest beyond the first kiss, and she had lately resented an sheer boredom to her boarding school habit of drinking gin in large quantities—a habit which was not entirely approved of by her old-fashioned aunt, although Mrs. Brewster was glad to have her niece stay at home in the evenings "injured," as she told Mrs. Bradford, "of running around with those boys, and really, my dear, Priscilla says some of the funniest things when she gets a little—er—boiled", as she calls it—you must come over some evening, and bring the governess."

Mrs. Brewster, Priscilla's aunt, is the ancestor of all New England aunts. She may be seen today walking down Tremont Street, Boston, in her Edgewater shoes on her way to 8, 8 Pierce's which she pronounced to rhyme with *beaver*. The twentieth century Mrs. Brewster wears a high-necked black silk waist with a choker watch

CHARLES JOHNSON BY TRADE IS A MAN

It's no  
worse than  
a bad  
cold.

pinned over her left breast and a spot of Oodoo's codfish (no bones) over her right. When a little girl she was taken to see Langloshaw, Lowell, and Ralph Waldo Emerson, she speaks familiarly of the James boys, but this has no relevance to the well-known Mission cartons. She was brought up on blueberry cake, Postum, and "The Atlantic Monthly"; she loves the Boston "Transcript", God, and her relatives in Newton Centre. Her idea of a dating joke is the remark Susan Hale made to Edward Everett Hale about sending underwear to the heathen. She once asked Donald Ogden Stewart to dinner with her niece; she didn't think his story about the lady maid reader who stole the man's mind and then dropped his line, was very funny, she never asked him again.

The action of this story all takes place in Mrs. Brewster's Plymouth home on two successive June evenings. As the figurative curtain rises Mrs. Brewster is sitting at a desk reading the latest installment of Ford's "Book of Marryer."

The sound of a clanking sword is heard outside. Mrs. Brewster looks up, smiles to herself, and goes on reading. A knock—a timid knock.

MRS. BREWSTER:

Come in.

[Enter Captain Miles Standish, whiskered and forty. In a later generation, with that imposing mustache and his hatred of Indians, Miles would undoubtedly have been a bank president. At present he seems somewhat ill at ease, and obviously relieved to find only Priscilla's aunt at home.]

MRS. BREWSTER

Good evening, Captain Standish

MILES

Good evening, Mrs. Brewster. It's—it's cool for June, isn't it?

MRS. BREWSTER

Yes. I suppose we'll pay for it with a hot July, though

MILES (nervously):

Yes, but it—it is cool for June, isn't it?



MRS. BREWSTER

So you said, Captain

MILES

Yes. So I said, didn't I?

[Sinner.]

MILES:

Madame Priscilla isn't home, then?

MRS. BREWSTER

Why, I don't think so, Captain. But I never can be sure where Priscilla is.

continued on page 47





CIVIL WAR VIGNETTES by Jack Dixon



## MILES STANDISH *continued from page 45*

**MRS. BREWSTER:**

She's—a free girl, isn't she? A free girl

**MRS. BREWSTER:**

Why, yes. Of course, Priscilla has her faults—but she'd make some man a free wife—some man who knew how to handle her—as older men, with experience.

**MILES:**

Do you really think so, Mrs. Brewster? (After a pause.) Do you think Priscilla is thinking about marrying anybody in particular?

**MRS. BREWSTER:**

Well, I can't say, Captain. You know—she's a little wild. Her mother was wild, too, you know—that is, before the Lord spoke to her. They say she used to be seen at the Mermaid Tavern in London with all those play-acting people. She always used to say that Priscilla would marry a military man.

**MILES:**

A military man? Well, now tell me Mrs. Brewster, do you think a sweet delicate creature like Priscilla—

**A VOICE (in the next room):**

Oh dear!

**MRS. BREWSTER:**

That must be Priscilla now.

**THE VOICE:**

Auntie!

**MRS. BREWSTER:**

Yes, Priscilla dear.

**THE VOICE:**

Where in hell did you put the vermouth?

**MRS. BREWSTER:**

In the cupboard, dear. I do you hope you aren't going to get—er—"boiled" again tonight, Priscilla.

(Enter Priscilla, infinitely radiant, infinitely beautiful, with a bottle of vermouth in one hand and a jug of gin in the other.)

**PRISCILLA:**

Auntie, that was a dirty trick to hide the vermouth. Hello Miles—how many Indians today?

**MRS. BREWSTER:**

Why—er—er—no, Mistress Priscilla.

**PRISCILLA:**

Wish you'd take me with you next time, Miles. I'd love to shoot an Indian, wouldn't you, Auntie?

**MRS. BREWSTER:**

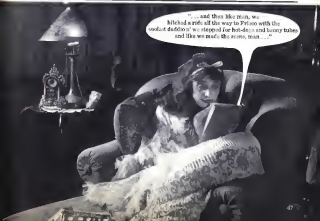
Priscilla! What an idea! And please, dear, give Auntie Brewster the gin I—er—promised to take some to the church social tonight and it's almost all gone now.

**MRS. BREWSTER:**

I didn't see you at church last night, Mistress Priscilla.

**PRISCILLA:**

Well I'll tell you, Miles. I started to go to church—really felt awfully religious. But just as I was leaving I thought, "Priscilla, how about a drink—just one little drink?" You know, Miles, church goes so much better when you're just a little boozed—the lights and everything just kind of—oh, it's glorious. Well last night, when I'd had a little liquor, the funniest thing happened. I felt awfully good, not like church at all—so I just



"...and then like men, we hitched a ride all the way to Frisco with the coolest duddee'n' we stopped for hot-dogs and hairy babes and like we made the scene, man..."

thought I'd take a walk in the woods. And I came to a pool—a wonderful heaven-to-God pool—with the moon shining right into the middle of it. So I just undressed and dove in and it was the most marvelous thing in the world. And then I danced on the bank in the grass and the moonlight—oh, Lordy, Miles, you ought to have seen me.

MRS. BREWSTER

Priscilla!

PRISCILLA

'Scuse me, Auntie Brewster. And then I just lay in the grass and sang and laughed.

MRS. BREWSTER

Dear, you'll catch your death of cold one of these nights. I hope you'll excuse me, Captain Standish, it's time I was going to our social. I'll leave Priscilla to entertain you. Now be a good girl, Priscilla, and please dear don't drink straight vermouth—remember what happened last time. Good night, Captain—good night, dear.

[Exit Mrs. Brewster sobbing.]

PRISCILLA

Oh dear! What'll we do, Miles—I'm getting awfully sleepy.

MILES

Why—we might as—get a bit.

PRISCILLA

No. I'm too tired—besides, I hate whiskers.

MILES

Yes, that's so, I remember.

[Tossing around the silence, with Miles looking suspiciously into the fireplace, Priscilla curled up in a chair on the other side.]

MILES

I was—your aunt and I—were talking about you before you came in. It was a talk that meant a lot to me.

PRISCILLA

Miles, would you mind closing that window?

[Miles closes the window and retires to his chair by the fireplace.]

MILES

And your aunt told me that your mother said you would some day marry a military man.

PRISCILLA

Miles, would you mind passing me that pillow over there?

[Miles gets up, takes the pillow to Priscilla and opens his door.]

MILES

And I thought that if you wanted a military man why—well, I've always thought a great deal of you, Misses Priscilla—and since my Rose died I've been pretty lonely, and while I'm nothing but a rough old soldier yet—well, what I'm driving at is—you see, maybe you and I could sort of—well, I'm not much of a hand at fancy love speeches and all that—huh—

[He is interrupted by a snore. He glances up and sees that Priscilla has fallen fast asleep. He sits looking hopelessly into the fireplace for a long time, then gets up,

continued on page 16





# THE DAMNED SPOT







*The Trick Behind the Trojan Horse*

*Illustrated History*



A man!  
— Is Mary dangerous?

It's Commander  
Gregory Fisk! Commander  
Gregory Fisk!



It might be him—  
Hi! Mary was here,  
was?

— Mary,  
it can't  
be...

Commander  
Fisk! Thank  
God. You  
made it  
safe.

— It  
can't  
be...



Okay, but Mary  
said I'm taking  
the square.

There's  
a crowd in  
their office  
situation,  
change the  
flow.

I  
wanted  
you,  
Arthur.

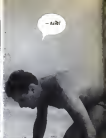
Tab. You  
wanted  
me.



But look, dy...



...all are wanted...



...a lot!



You were right, Sophie. Society does breed evil among mankind - the old mankind



But, the new mankind is going to start off clean, fresh, pure - we'll teach them from the cradle that violence is the one unpardonable sin - we'll nurture them in the ways of love and gentleness

But, Arthur -



So that the world will be peopled with men of good will

Not everyone like Commander Peabody!

But, Arthur, I'm trying to tell you...

— That one I know,  
Commander Peck. That's  
just Korean Lapponia. I  
thought I dropped her  
in Copenhagen.



— Where did you  
go to have an  
operation, Oh, Arthur,  
darling? — we can't start a  
new race of mankind  
You see —



— I'm  
Commander  
Gregory  
Peck!



# MILES STANDISH *continued from page 48* *(put on his hat and tapers out of the door)*

THE NEXT EVENING:

JOHN:

*Priscilla is sitting alone, lost in reverie, before the fireplace. It is almost as if she had not moved since the evening before.*

*A knock, and the door opens to admit John Alden, somber, disillusioned, and weary one.*

JOHN:

Good evening. Hope I don't bother you.

PRISCILLA:

The only people who bother me are women who tell me I'm beautiful and men who don't.

JOHN:

Not a very brilliant epigram—but still—yes, you are beautiful.

PRISCILLA:

Of course, if it's an effort for you to say—

JOHN:

Nothing is worthwhile without effort.

PRISCILLA:

Sounds like Miles Standish; many things I do without effort are worthwhile. I am beautiful without the slightest effort.

JOHN:

Yes, you're right. I could kiss you without any effort—and that would be worthwhile, perhaps.

PRISCILLA:

Kissing me would prove nothing. I kiss as casually as I breathe.

JOHN:

And if you didn't breathe—or kiss—you would die.

PRISCILLA:

Any woman would.

JOHN:

Then you are like other women. How fortunate.

PRISCILLA:

I am like no woman you ever knew.

JOHN:

You arouse my curiosity.

PRISCILLA:

Curiosity killed a cat.

JOHN:

A cat may look at a—Queen.

PRISCILLA:

And a Queen keeps cats for her amusement. They purr so delightfully when she pets them.

JOHN:

I never learned to purr, if must be amusing—for the Queen.



## CIVIL WAR PRIMITIVES by Jack Davis



FRISCILLA:

Let me teach you. I'm starting a new class tonight.

JOHN:

I'm afraid I couldn't afford to pay the tuition.

FRISCILLA:

For a few exceptionally meritorious pupils, various scholarships and fellowships have been provided.

JOHN:

By whom? Old graduians?

FRISCILLA:

No—the institution has been endowed by God—

JOHN:

With exceptional beauty—I'm afraid I'm going to lose you. Now.

[They kiss.]

[Ten minutes pass.]

FRISCILLA:

Stop smiling in that insane way.

JOHN:

I just happened to think of something awfully funny. You know the reason why I came over here tonight?

FRISCILLA:

To see me. I wondered why you hadn't come months ago.

JOHN:

No. It's really awfully funny—but I came here tonight because Miles Standish made me promise this morning to ask you to marry him. Miles is an awfully good egg, really Friscilla.

FRISCILLA:

Speak for yourself, John.

[They kiss.]

FRISCILLA:

Again.

JOHN:

Again—and again. Oh Lord, I'm gone.

[An hour later John awakes. As the door closes behind him, Friscilla sinks back into her chair before the fireplace; an hour passes, and she does not move, her eyes remain fixed on the Bradford's and after a few imperfect attempts at conversation go to bed alone, the candles gutter, flicker, and die out, the room is filled with moonlight, softly streaming through the silver slats of sacred silence. Once more the clock chimes forth the hour—the hour of flamed peace, of dead desire and epic love. Oh not for aye, Endymion, whisper thou unfold the purple canopy of peaceful years. She sleeps—Friscilla sleeps—and drives the palimpsest of age-old passion the lyrics of night breathe forth their poignant praise. She sleeps—eternal Helen—in the moonlight of a thousand years; immorial symbol of immorial peace, flower of the grove transplanted on a foreign shore, infinitely rare, infinitely tragic.]

END



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Hugob-  
ly's car  
is here  
some-  
place.

IF YOU DON'T OWN ANY OF THE 33 1/3 RECORDS LISTED HERE, YOU ARE OUT! HERE ARE SOME OF THE FUNNIEST PEOPLE OF THE NEW GENERATION AND SOME OF THE STRANGEST OFF-BEAT RECORDINGS. IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO OWN ANYTHING HERE, (AND IF YOU ARE HP, YOU SHOULD LIKE TO—) FILL OUT THIS COUPON WITH THE PROPER AMOUNT OF DREAD ATTACHED AND MAIL IT RIGHT WAY.



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Since Preberg fans will find all the Preberg classics here . . . St. George and the Dragonet, Cleat St. Ben, Try, Hamletish Hotel, Rock around Stephen Foster, Yellow Rose of Texas, John and Marlene, The Great Pretender, Rock Island Line, Sh-Boom, and many others.



2. **THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF JONATHAN WINTERS**  
Some of this great man's funniest acts and sound effects are here: The Flying Saucer Land, A Western, A Football Game, Airline Flight, Used Pet Shop, Hip Robin Hood, Super Service Station and Marine Corps.



3. **BEAT GENERATION JAZZ POETRY**  
Music and folk lyrics by John Brann, Len Chandler and Hugh Bennett at the Greenwich Village Dodge Cafe. Traveler-like young beatniks recite Appalachian and Peanut Butter, A Poem for James Crockett, Nathan's Goat, and other cool poems.



4. **SOUND EFFECTS ALBUM, SERIES #1**

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13. **JACK KEROUAC, STEVE ALLEN**

Poetry for the Beat Generation. Kerouac says: "I went to the studio to meet Steve. I said 'What'll I read?' He said, 'Anything you want.' We finished in an hour. The engineers said, 'A great fine take.' I said 'It's the only take.' Steve said, 'That's right.' We went home."





1. PAT HARRINGTON JR. AS GUIDO PANTINI

With Bill Davis, these two well-known Steve Allen Show personalities did like a record about which Steve says, "sometimes of this type are part of the rehearsal routine around our show... its package will be recognized as the funniest of the year."



5. MIKE NICHOLS AND ELAINE MAY

A collection of words and music completely improvised during the recording session. The pianist played words that suggested different moods and Nichols and May would spontaneously create a scene to fit each mood.



1. LENNY BRUCE TOGETHERNESS

It's pure silliness. Here is what the critics say about Lenny Bruce: "Lenny should be allowed in a neighborhood one game, much less a right club." — Los Angeles Mirror. "Lenny Bruce is just a fool, a one-line-creased freak attraction." — City Gardens.



14. MORT SAHL

The latest Mort Sahl who says: "Let me assure you that I think the world is worth saving, and I am in favor of a few things: the 40 coffee houses in L.A. which have become social centers for people you would never expect socially."

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- ☐ 1. A Child's Garden of Verses \$3.98
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- ☐ 6. Sound Effects Album, Series #1 \$5.95
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# HIS and HERS

## GARAGE DOOR MARKERS



For the guy and gal with everything and two cars to put it in, here are "HIS" and "HERS" Garage Door Markers in beautiful packaging. Each letter is individually die-cut and measures 2 x 6 inches. There is a difference in the end here (in this case the springs) and when your doors are marked in this eye, unique and phonetic manner, you'll be the talk of the town. A most happy gift, too, for the young married couples in your set. Wonderful to give at weddings or birthday dinners. But most of all, for yourself — and, at last, you need worry that "his" will take your car... or that you will take hers. Also makes perfect markers for portable telephones, twin bed headboards, etc. Just \$9.98 each including packaging borders.

Please send me a set of "His and Hers" garage door markers, with packaging borders. I have enclosed \$2.98 plus 25¢ for postage and handling.

General Promotions Co. Dept. H-3  
Box 6573 Philadelphia 38, Pa.

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## CUSTOM - MADE NAME PLATE

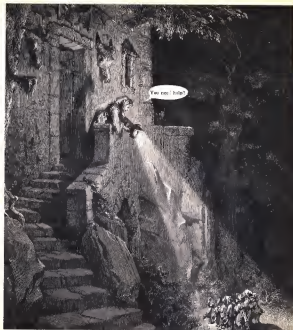
Your car is so personalized in your name with this gold-plated custom-made gold-tone metal name plate on your dashboard. Measuring 3 1/2 inches in length, it's self-adhesive to stick firmly in place in any kind of climate on any kind of road. Whether your car is a custom job, a demurely stock model or a foreign import, the plaque happily problems, "THIS CAR MADE ESPECIALLY FOR [your name you desire] — and, after all, wasn't it? Every smart driver wants one. Completely authentic, practical and a real conversation piece. Clearly put name to be recalled.



General Promotions Co. Dept. H-3  
Box 6573 Philadelphia 38, Pa.

Please send me a custom-made gold-tone metal name plate. I have enclosed \$1.00 plus 25¢ for postage and handling.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
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# KISSIES

An exclusive "Helo!" feature —  
his death-sharing  
photo studio  
Jessica Walters



While other magazines offer provocative  
but frustrating alternatives, "Helo!"  
gets down to business.  
In "Helo!" you can't go  
too — you feel!



Your first touch the feeling, soft lips of a  
gorgeous girl, provided you follow  
instructions carefully!

— Now as Jessica approaches —



— slowly show the page towards you —  
next, pecker lip and breathe hard.  
Breathing is optional. Then ...



— when we tell you — bare legs and neck  
beats, come to attention first!



— ready? TURN THE PAGE!





**NOW!**

**NOW!**

**NOW!**

—which  
you  
need to  
follow instructions  
you know just  
embarrassed in  
body  
Kills—  
except  
if you're  
in  
pain.





Tired? —



Run down? —



Home troubles? —



Sick? —



No love? —



No money? —



Beaten? —



Wanna give up?



Well buddy what  
you  
definitely  
need  
is

**HELP!**